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Jungle Apes Abroad

A Treasury on
The World-War



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Jungle Apes Abroad

A Travesty on The World - War

By SOL SUNDERLAND [signed]
Author of The Cave-Dwellers

Cartoons by Adonis



Harvey, James, Daniel
" "



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2504 WILCOX AVENUE :: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Publishers' Preface

THE tragic portrayal, in verse, of mankind exterminated in the world-war, and replaced by jungle apes, transfixed our attention at once. We lost no time in closing our contract with the inspired author, upon whom a book-loving world are turning their wondering eyes. The soul-harrowing verses of the author, nobly sustained by the illustrations executed by Adonis, the famous cartoonist, are presented herein to the reading public. We hope that the circulation of this carefully prepared souvenir of the world's most terrible cataclysm will prove worthy of the merits, both of the poem and the cartoons.

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Hammer of stone and oaken stick
Wrought dire destruction, fast and thick.

CANTO I.

The Spectre Apes.



UR scientists, found everywhere,
Their faces plowed with lines of care,
Explain the evolution plan
Which has produced the race of man.

First, starting back in nebulae,
They tell how planets came to be.
The planets hardened, but were hot;
Then slowly cooled, began to rot
The surface round. Then wriggling things,
With neither legs nor show of wings,
Became the earliest generations
Of all the animal creations.
They wriggle round some million years,
Till higher range of life appears;
Then fins and legs and wings appeared,
And natural selection steered
The highest types of life yet known.
These learned men have plainly shown
That jungle apes, for ages long,
Roamed through the woods in motley throng,
Whilst struggling for some sort of speech
Better than crudesome howl and screech.
When man arrived at prouder shape,
He full disdained the parent ape.
The inter-racial wars we pass,
When men gorillas did outclass,
And back and forth, with club and spear,
Smote every foe that did appear.
Hammer of stone and oaken stick
Wrought dire destruction, fast and thick.
When mankind gained the best of it,
The ape, with crude and clumsy wit,
Abandoned conflicts at the front
For plodding life of jungle hunt.
The humans rose to culture vast,
And on gorilla sires now cast

Yet haughtier frowns then e'er before.
The merchant prince, with lavish store
Of mortal comforts, strutted round
His rich estate's bemansioned ground.
But, e'er his bliss was full complete,
The call to war his ears did greet.
The nations mustered right and left,
Some million homes of sires bereft.
Brothers and sons went forth to fight,
Each for his king's ideas of right.
In all this world-wide scourging war,
The embattled hosts were fighting for
The tweedledum and tweedledee
Of polities of powers that be.
Then nightmares, with new style of dread,
Beset each weary statesman's head.
Barons of this, and counts of that,
Engaged in consequential chat
To steer the tide of war, beheld
A spectre which their heart-beats quelled
With chilling terror. Bands of apes,
With glaring eyes and hideous shapes,
Each armed with knotted oaken stick,
Thronged through the doorway, fast and thick.
They circled round the men of state,
And thus their chieftain did orate:
"We come from out the jungles wild
To see the human race beguiled
To scourging war. For ages past
We've owned gorilla bands outclassed
In ways progressive. We had hope
That man, with his ambitious scope,
Would modify his breeding pen,
So that contemporary men
Could have some peaceful breathing space,
The business of their age to face.
Ye whipped us once beyond repair,
Close faced within the jungle lair.
But now you've reckless run your rope
And fight each other, past all hope.
When ye shipwreck in hopeless shape



They circled round the men of state
And thus their chieftain did orate.

'Tis not the part of jungle ape
To mend your plight. 'Tis ours to say,
Build huger guns, and fight away.
When full destroyed your fickle race,
Such tragic dearth we'll bravely face.
Gorilla bands will lift their heads,
Build fairer bowers and daintier beds.
We'll stalk abroad o'er human graves,
Repeopling with gorilla braves.
New comforts for ourselves we'll plan,
As fades away the age of man.
We shall be lords of thrift and peace,
When all our human kindred cease."
Those statesmen uttered groan and shriek,
When grinning apes began to speak
In human phrases, and to be
Spokesmen of strange philosophy,
Prompted they knew not whence. At last,
After some moments time had passed,
A noble lord rose to his feet,
Those jungle arguments to meet.
"Believe ye then our sun has set,
And ye alone the case have met
With new-planned species, born to rule?"
The ape replied, "In rugged school
Of universal war ye strive,
Hoping some remnant may survive
And longer rule the earth. Yet know
The worlds move on, where'er ye go,
To power or to destruction. Fight.
And, if your species ends in blight,
Then ours must plan the coming day,
When your creations fade away."
Each statesman's hopes to ashes turned.
The assembly was declared adjourned.
Whate'er the futures of those men,
When such wild nightmares come again,
They'll tremble for their godlike race,
Lest jungle apes usurp their place.

The Vision of Count Von Snooks.



MONGST the statesmen who had seen
 The spectre apes, of hideous mien,
 Was Count Von Snooks, a mighty man
 In every sort of world-war plan.
 Midst vast arrays of maps and books,
 Burdened with care, dwelt Count Von Snooks.
 Look now his frowning castle o'er,
 Built by Teutonic lords of yore,
 And oft repaired by modern hands.
 Upon the old ancestral lands
 Has grown a city, small in size,
 Yet full of statesmen great and wise.
 They live in mansions, copied close
 From feudal castles, I suppose.
 We know, from all their anxious looks,
 Their hopes are fixed on Count Von Snooks.
 The mighty statesman sat alone,
 Close heedful of his telephone,
 That problems international
 Might reach his notice first of all.
 In his arm chair he fell asleep,
 And fitful dreams did o'er him creep.
 A giant ape, of hideous looks,
 Towered o'er the chair of Count Von Snooks.
 The statesman's heart grew dumb with fear
 To see the creature standing near.
 The big brute grinned, and rubbed his chin,
 Then took a seat and did begin:
 "Fear not, O statesman, brave and bold,
 And calm those features gray and old.
 I've come from jungles far away,
 And settled near your town to stay.
 Gorilla bands have followed me;
 Their settlements all men can see
 Within the timber round. Some day,
 As human armies melt away,



The big brute grinned, and rubbed his chin,
Then took a seat and did begin.

We'll look around your streets, and find
Such vacant mansions as my mind
Delights in most. These we can hold,
And thence exploit our projects bold.
Fear not, my brave and learned friend.
If you have power the case to mend
Of your distracted race, proceed,
And let us help you all you need."

The creature grinned, and chuckled strange,
The while his thoughts he did arrange,
And then went on, "I only called
That my new plans might be installed
In harmony with yours. You see,
There's no hostility in me.
We've spurned our clubs; we shall not fight
To champion the brute-world's right
To dwell amongst mankind, or fill
Their places when the dread foe kill.
Pray, calm your fears, and tell me true
What future hopes encourage you?"

The old count clinched his teeth, and stared,
And stammered long, so ill-prepared
Was he to meet the case. At last
His glimpses o'er the brute he cast,
And hissed between his teeth, "Alas,
Mankind have reached a shameful pass
To treat with such as you. I know
The nations through much grief must go
Before the war shall cease. But yet
I hope some higher plane they'll get,
When peace shall come again, and dwell
Midst luxuries that please them well."

The scene dispelled, and others came.
Through all the old count's grief and shame
The days and months went fleeting by,
Whilst brutish apes, beneath his eye,
Grew stronger through the region. When,
Out of the window of his den,
He scanned a castle quaint and old,
Which some rich baron long did hold,

Who now was slain, within the tower
An ape had fixed his whimsie bower;
Upon the bed lay grim and rude.
A gothic window open stood,
Through which the creature grinned at him.
Then every wild gorilla whim
Succeeded fast. For, high and low,
Through those old rooms the apes did go,
Rough handling all the furniture,
And making their possession sure.
The scene dispelled, but o'er and o'er,
New dreams, each deadlier than before,
Did rack the brain of Count Von Snooks.
Amidst those dusty maps and books
He madly stared. Some object rose,
And swept so close it brushed his clothes.
Then, seated in that haunted den,
The royal ape faced him again.
"My sapient friend," the creature said,
"Some millions more of men are dead.
The town where you were born and reared
Belongs to apes, as you have feared,
To some extent. And I myself
Have risen to the topmost shelf.
The mayor's castle now is mine.
In ape society I shine,
And visit men in midnight dreams,
Creeping amongst the rafter beams;
Rude arguing their future case,
Persuading they have run their race."
The scene dispelled. He dreamed again;
And scarce a handful, now, of men
Dwelt in the town around. Instead,
Whichever way he turned his head,
He saw gorillas strolling round,
And claiming everything they found.
In almost every mansion dwelt
Gorillas who the problem felt
Of reconstructing world affairs,
Safe housed within their mansion lairs.



An ape had fixed his whimsie bower;
Upon the bed lay, grim and rude.

And now all human things were past;
The count of all mankind was last.
The apes ran things a little rough,
But had ambition quite enough.
They cherished, with full solemn looks,
Their lonely guest, poor Count Von Snooks.
At sundry times they came to him,
Exploiting some seductive whim.
They learned to reason more and more,
And valued much the human lore
Enmassed in his great library.
Full well they knew, none more than he
Had led mankind in wisdom's ways.
They baited him with words of praise,
And argued, in primeval way,
With their strange guest from day to day.
Beside the plans of mortal kind
They briskly strove new paths to find
For their advancement. Count Von Snooks
Instructed them from human books;
And, when new schemes they did essay,
He helped them on their onward way.
Gorilla dames of hideous looks
Oft tried their wiles on Count Von Snooks,
But he preferred to play the monk,
And every courtship proved a flunk.
Some centuries passed, yet Count Von Snooks
Still dwelt on earth with vigorous looks.
He did not age, his life was charmed,
And no rude ape the wise guest harmed.
Though dreary was the old count's life,
With neither neighbor, child nor wife,
His sincere friendship for the apes
Was mutual help in countless shapes.
Slowly the human fashions waned;
Gorilla customs daily gained;
Labored, of course, their progress was;
And yet, so noble was their cause
To remedy each old abuse,
Their wit availed to clever use.

Where once extremes of rich and poor
Made hardships painful to endure,
Gorilla evolution brought
The rude relief men long had sought;
And ape lords now, in human place,
Right nobly these reforms did face.
They swung in hammocks everywhere,
Or lounged back in some easy chair,
Left by their human predecessors,
Of whom they were the proud successors.
They had few manufactured wares,
But turned with dread from such dull cares.
With patient help from Count Von Snooks,
Some furniture of dubious looks
They learned to make. Yet every ape
Managed to live in ample shape,
Though all could not be lords, of course.
The faithful count was endless source
Of good ideas to aid their plans
To rearrange the world of man's.
Whilst laboring with the apes, Von Snooks
Lunged over on a heap of books.
He woke from out that tragic dream,
And all the world a maze did seem!
The telephone now rallied him
To listen to some warrior's whim.
Each time he meets with statesmen now
His wild nightmare he doth avow;
And argues for some nobler shape
Of world affairs than jungle ape
Could ever plan, should he replace
The frail, yet godlike, human race.



They swung in hammocks, everywhere,
Or lounged back in some easy chair.

The Gray Monks' Library.

WE have no means of knowing how vastly ancient the origin of the monastic institutions of mankind may have been. It is equally impossible to reconstruct, either an actual or a fanciful chain of ethical thought and ethical modifications that led up to the wonderful careers of two great systems of religion, the one destined to mightily overshadow the other. We refer respectively to the cult of Zoroaster and the triumphant sway of Christianity. One thing is certain: modern literature is vastly indebted to the groping industries of the cloister, the untiring energies of the Roman Catholic monks and nuns, for the glorious causes of human learning, literature and art. We even cannot restrain the question, Would Christianity ever have made good along the mystic lines of her wondrous triumphs, had it not been for the mighty work performed in her behalf by monastery and convent?

We now behold a dramatic sequel to the literary triumphs of Roman Catholic institutions, which have become a matter of history. Our literature, art and ethics are yet in primeval stages, and a glorious future awaits them. This indisputable fact has given origin to what we must style a literary conception of vast dynamic significance for the futures of human culture. We refer to two ideal organizations, the International Order of Gray Monks and the I. O. of Gray Nuns.

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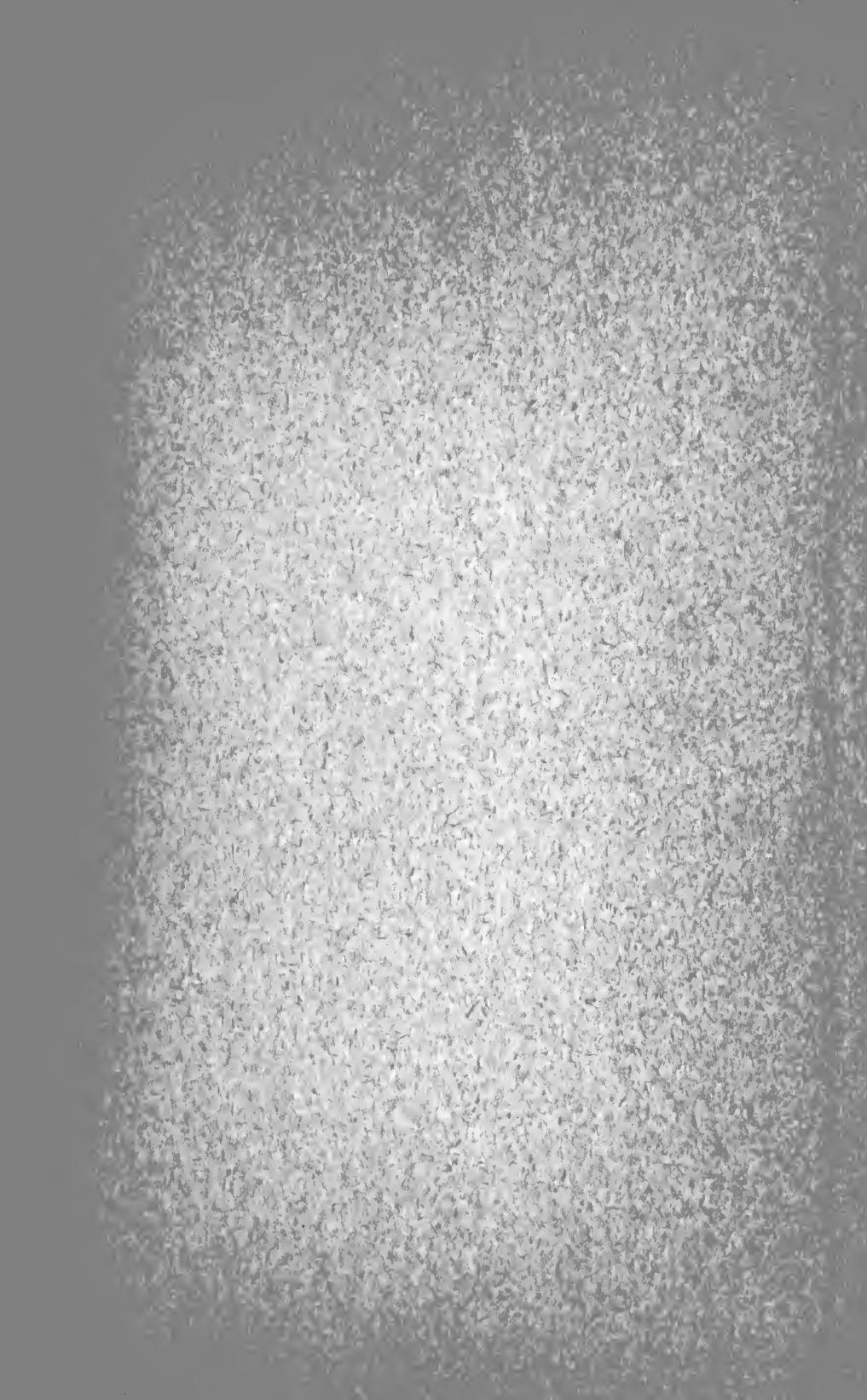
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